THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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THE CHILD, JESUS.

VISITS TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

SUPPOSE we start first for Medfield. It is a pleasant town, and has a good, live Unitarian Society. The minister not only knows how to preach, but how to do all sorts of good things.

The school is held in the church; so we will walk right in. How many are there present? About a hundred. The minister, Rev. J. H. Wiggin, is the superintendent. How grandly the scholars sing, with him to lead them!

The devotional exercises over, he calls upon the "Lincoln Class" to come forward and present what they have prepared. A few boys come forward, and recite to the school some excellent pieces they have learned.

What does he mean by the "Lincoln Class?" Mr. Wiggin has all the classes in his school named. Besides the "Lincoln," there are the "Channing," "Chapin," "Starr King," "Laird Collier," "St. Paul," "Myrtle," &c. These different classes prepare in turn something for the school. To-day it happens to be "Lincoln Class" day.

Mr. Wiggin now steps up to the blackboard, chalk in hand. What is the lesson for to-day? "Growing Seed," as in Mark iv. 26–29; and the "Tree and its Fruit," Matt. vii. 16–31. The different passages are read, as also the parallel passage in Luke; and questions asked, which bring out the ideas of the scholars, and lead them into a right understanding of the words.

Then comes the truth the parables are intended to teach. What "seed" represents, "the blade," "the ear," "the tree," "evil fruit," "good fruit,"—and all written out upon the board. By and by the whole meaning comes out, and is impressed upon mind and heart. The teachers now follow up the lesson in their classes.

We will thank Mr. Wiggin for what he has shown us and helped us, and take our leave.

Next we will attend the anniversary of the Sunday School at Uxbridge. Walk right into the church. It is crowded; but they will find room for us on the pulpit stairs or somewhere. What beautiful bouquets and flower-wreaths! The body of the church, 'way down to the doors, is filled with the Sunday school, and two or three classes occupy pews on the side. The other pews are filled with the parents and friends of the scholars.

The pastor, Rev. J. T. Lusk, is present, full of interest. He has a large class of young people. The superintendent, Mr. Sweet, conducts the exercises. They consist of singing, recitations, reports, &c. The scholars do remarkably well, boys and all. By the way, what is the reason boys are not so willing to take part in Sunday-school exercises as the girls are? Think out the reason, boys. May be it isn't a good one.

That Secretary's report is rather a different document from what we have been used to hearing. Listen! it tells us how many Sundays each teacher has been present, and gives the attendance of each class, and the names of scholars who have not been absent during the year. The general attendance in the school has been first-rate. Wonder if this method of keeping the record, and making out the report, doesn't help the attendance. Wouldn't you, if you were a teacher or a scholar, rather hear the Secretary read that you had been present fifty-two Sundays than thirty-one Sundays?

What is that Mr. Lusk says? There is one girl in this Sunday school who has not been absent for *eight* years, and one boy who has not been absent for *five* years! And this Uxbridge school has no vacation. How many of you, my young friends, can

come up to either the girl or the boy? Those of you who have not been absent for *one* year please raise your hands.

Presents are now given to certain meritorious scholars, addresses are made, and the exercises brought to a close. But we must not leave the church before going with Mrs. Bennett up into her "bird's nest." This is a little room back of the organ, where she with her assistant has the infant class. It is an odd place, but she has made it very pleasant and pretty. The walls are hung with pictures, mottoes, and curiosities the children have brought.

Mrs. Bennett is the lady who made "Early Lessons" and "All the Sundays in the Year," books you have many of you used or are now using. She has from thirty to forty little ones in her class. The little birds love the "nest," and when they are big enough to fly out into the great church they love that too.

Now let us all hasten home and see what we can do better in our own schools.

JESUS AS A CHILD.

VERY little is known of the childhood of Jesus. The gospel narratives give one or two glimpses into that period of his life, and that is all. We are left to imagine from what we can learn of the domestic life of the Jews at the time in which Jesus lived, and of their manner of caring for and training their children, what his childhood in some respects must have been.

The picture on our first page is a beautiful home-scene, as imagined by the artist who illustrated Renan's "Life of Jesus." It is more true to nature than most of the pictures of this kind. Jesus was in every way, no doubt, a beautiful child. So the artist has presented him in all his sweet childish grace, and yet with a certain dignity expressive of those uncommon gifts which so often astonished his parents and friends.

His father, Joseph, was a carpenter. He is represented in the garb of his time, at work upon a sort of box. It will be noticed that his tools are not modern in shape and comeliness. Mary, the mother, stands in the door-way, with a little one in her arms. She looks with a loving pride, and some anxiety, upon the boy in regard to whom so much has been revealed to her, and whose wise sayings she lays up in her heart.

Most Christians will think the artist made a mistake in representing Mary with a child in her arms, as they believe that Jesus was her only child. They are probably right. Still, it is pleasant to think of the boy, Jesus, as living in a family where there were other children, enjoying his brothers and sisters, and early getting that love for the little ones which manifested itself so strongly when he entered upon his holy work.

We liked the original picture so well that we asked our engraver to make a copy of it for the "Dayspring." We hope he has succeeded in making so good a copy that all our young friends will be pleased with it, and will get from it a good lesson.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

[The Framingham Sunday-school scholars will be glad to see the interesting letter, sent them by their pastor, in print; and other Sunday-school scholars will be very glad to read it.]

LONDON, June 13, 1872.

Dear Children of the Sunday School: —

I wonder how many of you would sit down and write a letter if you were off on a holiday? It is so hard to find time to tell about any thing when you are seeing new things *all* the time. But I take an hour here, in this great city of London, to have a little

talk with you. It is almost the first hour in which I have seen the sunshine since I came here. It hasn't been a bit like summer. Every day it has rained, and been real cold; or the thick fog has settled down on the city, making it seem very dismal and gloomy.

But it is a wonderful place. Think of a city so large that you can ride in the cars as far as from Framingham to Boston, and still be *in London!* Then there are so many pleasant things to see here. I wished you had all been with me the other day when I went out to the Crystal Palace. I know you would have screamed right out to have seen the beautiful aquarium, with its twenty or thirty large glass ponds full almost of all kinds of handsome fishes and sea-anemones that live in the ocean. The funniest thing was the cuttle-fish, that swims backwards, and has a dozen great, long arms that it throws out and keeps in motion all the time.

Then I wish you could be here to see the Zoölogical Garden, about a hundred times as large as Framingham Common. The grounds are as trim and pretty as if they belonged to some rich man. But the wild animals, instead of being kept in cages as in our menageries in America, have large *pens* to live in, made just like the sort of country in which the animals live when wild. The tiger has real rocks to climb, and the lion a real *den* to go into. The beaver lives in a pond, with plenty of timber to work with; and the birds — there are all sorts, from a sparrow to a condor — live on trees, and make their nests just as they do in their native woods.

But I can't begin to tell you all the sights one can see here in London. *One thing* I haven't seen either here or anywhere else in Europe; and that is, *happy, sportive children*, such as I see every day in Framingham. Here, in London, I every day meet boys and girls whose lives must be very sad and dreary, they look so unhappy, and have such hard, woe-begone faces. In Italy, I used to see girls ten and twelve years old carrying great bundles on their heads; and I remember one poor little thing who was taking a heavy barrel on her head up a very steep hill. You don't know how much better off you boys and girls all are; how much more love you have from your parents, and how much more happiness falls to the lot of every one of you, than thousands of children over here ever know.

Another thing about the children in Italy very much surprised me. Everywhere in that country you see pictures and images of Jesus as a little babe in the arms of Mary his mother. But a friend of mine, who has a school for little children in Rome, told them one day the story of Jesus as it is told in the Gospels. She did not give the name of the child she was talking to them about, but just told them about his birth in the manger, and the rest of the Bible story you all know so well. Then she asked them who this child was that they had been hearing about, and not one of them knew! Think of that, and think how much you have to be thankful for in going to your Sunday school.

Well, I must stop. I think of you all very often, and shall be glad to look into your faces again, and hear your voices too, when I return. The other day I went to Westminster Abbey, where so many of the good and great men of England have been buried.

On one simple gravestone were scattered bunches and wreaths of fresh flowers. It was the grave of CHARLES DICKENS, the man whose stories have given so much delight to thousands, and whose creed was: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." I close my letter to you by quoting Dickens's words to some children he once spoke to: —

"Do all the good you can, and don't make any *fuss* about it."

God bless you every one is the prayer of

Your friend,

HENRY G. SPAULDING.

SOWING AND REAPING.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman was staying a few days with a farmer, who, though a man of sound sense and many amiable traits, was a neglecter of religion. He was an excellent farmer, priding himself not a little on the fine appearance and thorough culture of his farm, and evidently was pleased with his guest, who was a man of winning manners and extensive information.

One day the gentleman walked out where the farmer was scattering his seed broadcast in the field.

"What are you sowing, Mr. H——?" was his pleasant inquiry.

"Wheat," was the answer.

"And what do you expect to reap from it?"

"Why, wheat, of course," said the farmer.

At the close of the day, as all were gathered in a family circle, some little thing provoked the farmer, — the husband, the father, and the head of the family, — and at once he flew into a violent passion; and forgetting, in his excitement, the presence of his guest, he swore most profanely.

The latter, who was sitting next to him, in a serious tone said, "*And what are you sowing now?*"

The farmer was startled. A new light at once flashed on him from the question of the morning. "What!" he said, in a subdued and thoughtful tone, "do you take such serious views of life as that, — such serious views of every mood and word and action?"

"Yes," was the reply: "for every mood helps to form the permanent temper; and for every word we must give account; and every act but aids to form a habit; and habits are to the soul what the veins and arteries are to the blood, — the course in which it moves, and will move for ever. By all these little things we are forming character, and that character will go with us to eternity, and according to it will be our destiny for ever."

Selected.

SCATTER YE SEEDS.

TO ALL GOOD CULTIVATORS OF LAND OR MIND.

SCATTER ye seeds, and flowers will spring;
Strew them at broadcast o'er hill and glen;
Strew in your garden, and time will bring
Bright flowers with seeds to scatter again.

Scatter ye seeds, nor think them lost,
Though they fall amid leaves, and are buried in earth;
Spring will awake them, though heedlessly tossed,
And to beautiful flowers those seeds will give birth.

Scatter ye seeds: tire not, but toil;
'Tis the work of life, 'tis the labor of man;
In the head, in the heart, and on earth's own soil,
Sow, gather, and sow, through life's short span.

Scatter ye seeds in the field of mind, —
Seeds of flowers, with seeds of grain;
In the spring and summer sweet garlands ye'll find,
And in autumn ye'll reap rich fruits for your pain.

Scatter ye seeds in the garden of heart, —
Seeds of affection, of truth, and of love;
Cultivate carefully each hidden part,
And thy flowers will be seen by angels above.

Scatter ye seeds, — the seeds of hope;
Plant in your bosom the Tree of Life;
Then the flowers here budding in heaven shall ope,
And in heaven will ripen the fruits of strife.

Then scatter ye seeds each passing year;
Sow amid winds and storms of rain;
Hope give thee courage, faith cast out fear,
God will requite thee with infinite gain.

Selected.

MARY AND NELLIE.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

IV.

"God will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths."

IN our talk, little friends, last month, we learned that some of the fixed stars were *sun-systems*; that is, consist of two or more suns, which appear to our naked eye to be only one, they are so far, far distant from us. And that often these suns vary in the light which they impart, — some giving red light; others, blue, or white, or green.

The more we learn about the moon and sun and stars do our hearts respond, "When ye glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as ye can: for even yet will he far exceed;" "Let heaven and earth praise him, for his glory is above the earth and heaven."

It has been discovered that some fixed stars consist of two sun-systems revolving around each other, thus forming a *group-system*. The star *Vega* is one of these group-systems; consisting of four suns arranged in pairs, and these pairs, or sun-systems, revolving around each other, and imparting to *us* a *blue* light.

In the constellation of the Southern Cross, these group-systems are variously colored, — red, green, blue, white, — thus flashing like brilliant gems.

God cares for *beauty*, on earth and in the heavens: the delicate tints of flowers and leaves, the flashing diamond, the rainbow hues, — "*all* praise him who made them."

In the constellation Hercules we find a star, which consists not only of sun-systems revolving around sun-systems, but group-systems around group-systems, and we call this a *cluster-system*. There are many of these cluster-systems in the Milky Way.

The Milky Way, with the stars belonging to it, constitutes a *nebula-system*; and if we look, especially in the direction of the constellation Virgo, we shall find other nebula-systems. Four thousand of these nebula-systems have been discovered, one revolving around another. The nebula to which our sun and also the Milky Way belong contains about eighteen million stars, or suns.

"God alone spreadeth out the heavens; he doeth great things past finding out; yea, wonders without number."

Among these wonders, my little friends, are the *comets*, that appear so suddenly in the sky and then vanish. But *they* also are guided in their course by the omnipotent Creator, having regular orbits in which they revolve, so that their revolutions around the sun can be calculated as well as the revolutions of the planets. Ignorant people are alarmed when a comet is visible, and fears dwell in their hearts; for some think that comets are sent by an angry Deity to punish the dwellers of this earth by destroying it. But comets tell as much of the greatness and omniscience of God, and of that "*loving kindness* which is new every morning and fresh every evening," as do the violet or snow-drop so quietly upspringing after the winter's snow and frost.

The orbits of some of the comets have been calculated, so that the exact time when they shall be visible to us is known. Although some move with the rapidity of eight hundred thousand miles an *hour*, it will be four thousand years before they can revolve even once around the sun! The comet which was seen in 1680 was distant forty-four billion miles from the sun; and the one which appeared in 1811 had a tail more than one hundred million miles in length!

"BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD."

"Thou hast made heaven and earth."

My little friends, before parting for a season, we will enumerate the lessons we have endeavored to learn with you: —

I. Satellites, or Moons; II. Planets; III. Suns; IV. Sun-Systems; V. Group-Systems; VI. Cluster-Systems; VII. Nebula-Systems.

Also, comets, attending our sun; and probably other suns or stars, having the same swift-moving bodies revolving around them.

"There are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a *few* of God's works; for the Lord hath made all things." * * *

For The Dayspring.

LILIAN'S STRAWBERRIES.

BY M. O. J.

DEARY me!" sighed old Ruth Tracy, as she sat down to rest in the shade of a wide-branching elm, at the entrance to an avenue leading to a large and costly house. It was a summer's morning, bright and beautiful, but very warm.

"Deary me!" she said again; "I'm so tired and hot and thirsty I don't believe I'll get there at all. I guess I'll just go back, but I'll rest here a bit first."

And, as her dim eyes wandered over the beautiful garden, with its fragrant flowers and murmuring fountain and grand old trees, where birds were flitting from bough to bough, — and then the spacious, tasteful house, with its adornment of bay-window, verandah, ivy-wreathed column and arch, — the old question, that has so often been a root of bitterness, came into her mind: Why was this difference?

"Ah!" she thought, "little do the rich know what poor people have to bear; little they *care*, for that matter. If God is good, why does he let all these things be so? Why don't all share alike? I wish that house was mine, now, I do; and, instead of trying to tramp five long miles, broiling in this sun, I could just order out my horses and coachee, and ride to see little Johnny. There's a little girl now, not much older, coming out, — to play, I suppose, in that beautiful garden. Lots of toys and picture-books she has, I'll venture; and if *she* was sick, — land alive! — wouldn't there be a houseful of folks to run and wait, and get her every thing she wanted. — broths and jellies, grapes and oranges, and dear knows the playthings! Now I haven't a thing to take to poor Johnny; and his mother's 'most worn out, I know, taking care of him, and doing all her work."

Poor old Ruth! The bad spirit of envy and discontent had entered her usually quiet heart, and made her forgetful of the command: "Thou shalt not covet."

Just then she heard a lady's voice calling, "Lilian! Lilian!"

The child turned, and went into the house. Presently she came out again, with a large saucer of strawberries and cream, and sat down on the verandah-steps.

"What in the world is she jumping up for?" said old Ruth to herself. "Why don't she eat 'em? *I* would, quick enough. Maybe she's coming to order *me* off. Guess she is: don't like poor folks 'round. Yes, here she comes. Well, I'll be off. Bother her, the proud thing!"

And the old woman rose feebly, grasped her staff, and was bending to pick up her bundle, when, to her surprise, the little girl called to her in a very pleasant tone, asking her to wait a moment.

"You must be tired and warm," she said,

as she reached her. "Sit down again, please, and eat these strawberries."

Poor Ruth! What coals of fire were those ripe, red berries to her! Heartily sorry, and ashamed of her ill-natured thoughts, she thanked Lilian, and ate them with a relish that those accustomed to luxuries rarely know.

"Have you walked far?" the little girl asked kindly; and then followed a short talk, in which poor Johnny's story came out. Lilian, quick to act from a kind thought or generous impulse, asked if he had any playthings; and, running up to the house, soon returned with some toys and picture-books for the poor sick boy.

Ruth went on her way rejoicing. "Bless her sweet face and kind heart!" she said, earnestly; "and may she never want a friend! To think I should 'ave said such wicked things! I could a'most cut my tongue out!"

Lilian went back to her play, happier, far happier than if she had herself eaten her strawberries; but she did not know half the good she had done. Not only had her kindness cheered and refreshed the poor old dame, so that she was able to go on and see her daughter and little grandson; not only had it made the poor boy doubly happy, and forgetful of his pain and weariness; but it had helped to root out of Ruth's heart an evil weed of bitter feeling, and to plant instead flowers of contentment, gratitude, and good-will.

Lilian, in her childhood, had begun to work in her Father's vineyard.

NOT in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth,
Which charms the general wood;
But in the violet, whose sweetness telleth
Its unseen neighborhood.

James D. Burns.

JENNY WREN AND BIDDY.

"WHO stole my eggs?" said Jenny Wren.
"And who stole mine?" said Biddy Hen:
"Last night I left seven in my nest,
And now there are only just two left."

"Somebody wanted a custard pie,"
Said Jenny, wiping a tearful eye:
"So they took five eggs away from you,
And that's why you found in the nest but two.

"It would take a score of *my* eggs to make
One custard pie, or a loaf of cake.
Now who could have wanted eggs so small?"
"Bad boys, bad boys," said the hen; "that's all.

"For now, as I think, I heard a noise
'Round here last night; and I guess the boys
Were doing mischief. Pray do not sigh!
But they always rob birds' nests on the sly."

"Ah, the cruel boys!" said Jenny Wren,
Wiping her eyes again and again;
"I must carry my little nest away,
And hide it somewhere this very day."

"And I shall break up," said Biddy wise,
Winking and blinking her little eyes;
"I know of a place down under the barn
Where I am sure to be free from harm."

I wonder if boys who go to school
Ever stop to think of the Golden Rule,
While laying their plans to rob and steal?
Dear me, how ashamed they ought to feel!

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, Mass.

STEP BY STEP. — He who travels over a continent must go inch by inch. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence. Life is made up of little things, little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes, and good deeds. One in a million, once in a lifetime, may do a heroic action. But the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is the whole full of beauty and goodness.

THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER II.

TOPSHAM, Sept., 1868.

DEAR MADGE, — I was so tired lugging baby round that your plan was almost as nice as a Christmas gift. How I shall find time to write, and correct Slater's notes, makes my head ache.

Baby is asleep, hugging Jim Crow. I sang "I'd be a butterfly!" twice before he'd go. Now, if *we* were butterflies, we'd fly, and talk it all over for an hour. I couldn't longer, because he is sure to wake.

Madge, I like baby, as a baby; but, just for a week, I shouldn't mind him to be an old man, and sit by the fire with a pipe in his mouth. I should get so rested. Dear! how queer he'd look! Wear a pig-tail, and drop his spectacles all the time.

Mother's darning stockings, and has spelt *specs* for me. She says you'll like to hear all I do and feel. I amuse the baby most of the time, just as when you were here. I shall have the girls to tell about soon. If we could only go to school together! — but then we shouldn't have the fun of these letters. What queer ones Slater will write to Ping Wing! It would be a story for me to say that I didn't think her the brightest. But mother says I can think it without saying it. Slater's out of sorts, having all the baby's diseases, and some of her own. Whooping-cough, chicken-pox, rickets, and St. Vitus, — all in one year! And not over the rickets when Vitus set in. She caught that Dance from a Jumping Jack grandma sent the baby. I hate that Jack; but have to jump him all the same, for he is baby's favorite, next to Jim Crow.

Our hen has six chickens. They're the prettiest chicks she's had; but shy as snow-drops. They run from me, as if a dragon, with horns, was after them.

I broke the news to Slater in this way: "Slater, you've had a nice breakfast; and I want you to write a little note to Ping Wing."

"A doll with St. Vitus's Dance ought not to be asked to hold a pen."

"I'll write for you, if you'll tell me what to say."

"What's the use of writing?"

"Children mustn't ask the use."

"Ping Wing's healthy; she can't understand. I must doze in the sun."

"You sleep too much already. You'll be a dunce, if you don't use your bright mind. I'd be ashamed to have a Hadley doll willing to write, and be so disobedient."

"If I must, I must. I'm tired of seeing the busy bee fly over my handkerchiefs, so rough and cottony. Ask her to spare me two of those soft Chinese ones Master Tom gave her."

"That's written. What next?"

"The gale shortened my life."

Not another word would she say, dear Madge; but we must be patient with her, for when children are ill they're not so much to blame as when they're well. A doll can't have a large heart, as well as a big head. Slater scolds Jack, but it was her own fault catching his complaint.

Lyddy Ashby says what you think of you get. I'm thinking as hard as I can of a paint-box. It wouldn't wake the baby for me to paint softly. What does *your* shop charge for paint-boxes? I've a broken saucer ready to daub.

I wish you could see baby in his crib. I hardly dare look for fear he'll wake; but he's perfectly lovely. His hair stands like spun glass, his cheeks are red as apples, both his fat arms are up in the air. I wonder I'm tired carrying such a beautiful boy! and

I'm not really tired, — at least, my temper, not often; and mother says "Temper's every thing."

What if I happen to teach baby to be naughty, by being cross to him? I mean not to. Mother says *one* cross in a house, and *all* are apt to go cross; falling like a set of nine-pins, struck by one ball. Mother says baby's soul is a pure sheet of white paper, and we must take care not to blot it. Who blotted mine, I wonder? — for I'm not wholly good. Yet not wholly bad; for I left half a sweet potato for Bridget, when I was ready to fly to eat it. Mother smiled when I pulled my hand back, as if the potato burnt me; when it couldn't, as it was cold.

Wholly bad, I should have eaten that half, Carolinas are so *goluptious*, as Cousin Tom says. I made him spell that word, and learned it by heart, for it made me think of melons. He said it was a Dutch word, meaning delicious. How silly! Of course, he told *you*.

I wonder if baby will go to sea like Tom? He couldn't hold to ropes now.

He's waking! He's smiling! What a rogue! Mother says he's a thief, and has stolen our hearts.

Thank you for thinking of our nice plan. Write soon. Good-by. Love to aunty, uncle, Ping Wing, everybody.

Your loving cousin,

LOU.

"THERE is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread,
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God."

DARE to be *true:* nothing can need a lie;
The fault that needs it grows two thereby.

CONSCIENCE.

AN Indian, being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco; and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that, as it had been given to him, he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast: "I got a good man and a bad man here; and the good man say it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, 'Why, he gave it to you, and it is your own now;' the good man say, 'That's not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money;' the bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, go buy some dram;' the good man say, 'No, no, you must not do so;' so I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me: and now I bring the money back I feel glad."

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

LITTLE feet may find the pathway
Leading upward unto God;
Little hands may learn to scatter
Seeds of precious truth abroad;
Youthful hearts may be the temple
For the Spirit's dwelling-place, —
Childhood's lips declare the riches
Of God's all-abounding grace.

Little ones, though frail and earth-born,
Heirs of blessedness may be,
For the Saviour whispereth gently,
"Suffer such to come to me."
And, in that eternal kingdom,
'Mid the grand, triumphant throng,
Childish voices, sweet, may mingle
In the glorious choral song.

Child at Home.

CALLING TO DINNER.

For The Dayspring.

DINNER'S READY!

"DINNER'S ready! Dinner's ready!"
Say my clappers strong and steady.
Father in the hay-field warm,
John at work behind the barn,
Dick and Joe and all the boys,
Quickly hear the welcome noise, —

Quickly leave their toilsome labor
For their noonday meal and leisure.
Glad are they to hear the sound
Of my clappers smooth and round;
For they always seem to say,
"Leave your work and come away."

I am Farmer Murray's daughter:
I was playing by the water,
When my mother called me, — "May,
You must call the men to-day."
So I ran, with feet all bare,
And the tangles in my hair.

For I love to please my mother,
Call my father and my brother,
Get them quickly from the farm
While the dinner's fresh and warm:
So I take my clappers steady,
Calling to them, "Dinner's ready!"

F.

MARY AND NELLIE.

MR. DEWEY was a farmer, and had a very fine farm. He planted ever so many acres with wheat. How beautiful his fields looked when the wheat was growing!

In the picture, you can see the farm-house among the trees, and Mr. Dewey's great barn, where he kept horses, oxen, and cows, and stored his hay and grain.

Mrs. Hervey, a sister of Mrs. Dewey, lived in New York. She had two little girls, Mary and Nellie. Every summer she went with them to their Uncle Dewey's, and a delightful time they always had.

Last summer they were there when Uncle Dewey was reaping his wheat. Of course they must go out and see him reap. How his strong arm did make the sickle cut!

After they had watched him a while, they began to run over the field. "O mamma!" cried Mary, "come and see these pretty flowers."

Then mamma's hat must be a basket. They filled it with the prettiest flowers they could find. Mary leaned against a bundle of wheat, and trimmed her hat; while Nellie picked as many of the brightest flowers as her little hand could hold.

"Look here, mamma!" she said. "I want to carry these home to Miss Russell. Will they keep bright till we go?"

Miss Russell was the teacher of the infant class to which Nellie belonged. She was a dear lover of flowers, and somehow made all the children love them as she did. She had a vase of sweet flowers in her class-room every Sunday.

While they were busy with their

flowers, Aunt Dewey came down into the field. While Uncle Dewey was carrying away a bundle of wheat, she took the sickle and tried to cut an armful.

Uncle Dewey laughed so to see her trying to reap that they all ran up to him to see what was the matter. Then they laughed louder than he did, to see how the sickle would not go as Aunt Dewey wanted it to.

Uncle Dewey said she was more likely to cut off her own feet than she was to cut an armful of wheat.

Aunt Dewey laughed with the rest, and soon gave up her reaping. Then they went back to the house, and had a good lunch.

Mary and Nellie, with their mother, stayed four weeks in all at their Uncle Dewey's, and had just as good a time almost every day.

LITTLE SUSY.

Low fever had attacked little Susy, a poor girl, and she could not rise from her bed.

It was a dreary time which followed, but Susy had one constant comforter, and this was Charlie. He came to see her very often, creeping up the stairs on tip-toe, and sitting on the little stool by her side.

It was one Sunday evening, and Susy had been very lonely all day; and, as she looked through the little window at her sky-view, — for she had nothing else, — she began to wonder if she was really going to be taken to her home in heaven. She felt so weak and tired, she thought she must be dying, like little Mike; and then she began to sing her evening hymn, one which she sung to herself every night when she went to bed, that her mother had sung when *she* was a little girl, and had taught to Susy as soon as she was old enough to understand it: —

"Now the day of work is done,
Now the quiet night's begun,
And I lay my tired head
Safe within my little bed.
Saviour, hear me;
Be thou near me,
Till the hours of dark have fled.

"I can see from where I lie,
Glitt'ring in the dark blue sky,
Here and there a little star
Shining out so clear and high.
Saviour, hear me;
Be thou near me,
Keep me safe beneath thine eye.

"If I've grieved thee through this day,
Let my sin be washed away;
Make me meek and pure and kind,
Give me thy most holy mind.
Saviour, hear me;
Be thou near me,
Let me now thy mercy find.

"Thou art loving me above,
And I love thee for thy love;
Thou didst leave thy throne on high,
And for me came down to die.
Thou wilt hear me,
And be near me, —
I am safe while thou art nigh."

But just as she had finished the last words, a curly head peeped round the corner of the bed, and Charlie's merry voice cried out, —

"Why, Sue, are you singing to the chairs and your box?"

"No; I'm singing to myself."

"Well, I have got something for you: which hand will you have?" And both Charlie's hands were hidden behind his

back, so as entirely to prevent her seeing what was in them.

"Right hand," said Susy, laughing.

"There, then!" said Charlie merrily, popping down on the coverlet a little kitten.

"O Charlie!" said Susy, brightening up wonderfully, "is that for me, for my own self?"

"Yes; only I don't think you'd best let her show her nose downstairs."

"The dear little thing!" said Susy; "I shan't be lonesome now, no, not while I can stroke this little kitty. O Charlie, how good you are!"

"Nonsense," said Charlie; "the poor little beast was going to be drowned, and I gave my tin pea-shooter for it, that's all."

Susy knew quite well what a sacrifice that was, and loved Charlie accordingly.

"Now then, Susy, you are going to tell me that story of the boy and the giant."

Susy felt too weak to talk much; so she put her hand under her pillow, and drawing out her Bible, found the place, and asked Charlie to read to her the history of David and Goliath.

Charlie could read very well, but the Bible stories were unknown to him, and Susy had been telling them to him when he came to sit with her.

When he had done reading, Susy told him about the shepherd boys in the country, and what she had heard about shepherds in Eastern lands; and then of the picture of the Good Shepherd drawing the little lamb out of the thorns, that used to hang in her room, and that good Mrs. Longforth was taking care of for her. And Charlie listened very intently, for it was all new to him; and, years afterwards, when he was a grown-up man, he remembered little Susy telling him about "the Good Shepherd who had given his life for the sheep," and thought of those happy hours spent with her. Thus the words of the sick child became "everlasting flowers" to the cousin who was kind to her. The Child's Paper.

A LITTLE boy was advised by his father to use illustrations in his conversation whenever they should occur to him; "for," continued the parent, "there is no more forcible way of conveying or expressing your meaning." Shortly after the boy was lectured on generosity. "It's better to give than to receive, Johnny; far better. The Bible says so, and I say so." "Illustrate it, papa. I think I can understand you better."

A GOOD ANSWER. — A bright-eyed little fellow in one of the Brooklyn private schools having spelt a word, was asked by his teacher, "Are you willing to bet that you are right, Bennie?" The boy looked up with an air of astonishment, and said, "I know I'm right, Miss V., but I never bet."

LOST TIME. — Lost wealth may be restored by industry; lost health regained by temperance; forgotten knowledge restored by study; alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness; even forfeited reputation recovered by penitence; but who ever again looked upon his vanished hours, recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time?

"YES, flowers have tones, God gave to each
A language of its own;
And bade the simple blossom teach
Where'er its seeds are sown.
His voice is on the mountain's height,
And by the riverside,
Where flowers blush in glowing light,
In loftiness, or pride;
We feel all o'er the blooming sod,
It is the language of our God."

MASS PICNIC.

THE Mass Picnic of Unitarian Sunday Schools held last year at Curtis Grove, Medfield, was so pleasant an affair, that a Committee was chosen to make arrangements for a picnic this year at the same place.

The 14th of August has been fixed upon as the day, and arrangements are making for a large gathering and an exceedingly good time.

A full notice can be seen in the "Christian Register," and circulars will be sent to the various Unitarian societies and Sunday schools in this vicinity. All will be most cordially welcomed.

The Committee are William H. Baldwin, 300 Washington Street, Boston; Rev. J. H. Wiggin, Medfield; Rev. W. B. Smith, Walpole; and J. Mason Everett, Canton.

KILL THE BAD WEEDS. — I was once walking with a farmer through a beautiful field when he chanced to see a tall thistle on the other side of the fence. In an instant he sprang over the fence, and cut it off close to the ground.

"Is that your field?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said the farmer; "but bad weeds don't care much for fences, and if that thistle is allowed to blossom and ripen its seeds in my neighbor's field, I shall soon have thistles growing in mine."

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

"How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

"This lamp throughout the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day."

Puzzles.

12.

ACROSTIC.

1. The scourge of the nations; 2. One of the patriarchs; 3. The mountain near which the Israelites were gathered when they received the Law; 4. A noted Jewish King, founder of a royal line; 5. A place once noted for its gold; 6. Either of the two sisters who were Jesus' friends.

Seek; more than all treasures of silver and gold,
It blesseth the young and becometh the old.

13.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A word that denotes man or horse to prepare
   For battle or tournament gay;
2. Another, a reptile whose poisonous fangs
   Sure death to the bitten convey;
3. A thought or an image as held in the mind,
   Or made clear in some outward way;
4. And last, the boast of this glorious land,
   The birthright of all, as we say.

Delivered from my *first* to be,
To God my *second* on bended knee.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

10. — The Sunday School.

11. — 1. Melita; 2. Emmaus; 3. Gadara; 4. Sodom; 5. Bethabara; 6. Ephesus.

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